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No. 3.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 4.

BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND (CONCLUDED)—REPORT OF COLONEL
LANE.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT,
NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, Near Richmond, July 12, 1862.

Brigadier-General L. O'B. BRANCH,

Commanding Fourth Brigade, Light Division:

General—I have the honor to report that on Wednesday, the 25th of June, I left camp with my regiment, numbering four hundred and eighty, and with the balance of your brigade proceeded up the Telegraph road, crossed the Chickahominy on the morning of the 26th, and advanced towards the Meadow bridge. Two of my companies were ordered to Mrs. Crenshaw's bridge to apprise Lieutenant-Colonel Hoke, with a portion of his regiment which was doing picket duty on the south side of the Chicka-

hominny, that the way was clear. We then continued our march towards Mechanicsville.

The fight had commenced on our reaching this place, and we were ordered to support a battery which was firing from the works to the left of the road. I had one man wounded that evening. We slept upon the field, and were held as a support again next morning, when the artillery opened upon us and another one of my men was wounded. As soon as it was ascertained that the enemy had abandoned his position and was in full retreat, we were ordered to follow, and on reaching Cold Harbor, the Seventh North Carolina troops and my regiment were ordered into the woods to the left of the road leading to the battlefield. The Seventh preceded us, and when I was about to form my regiment on its left, a sharp fire, both of infantry and shells, was opened upon us, causing one of the wings of the Seventh to give way. On asking the cause of this, I was informed by some of the company officers of the Seventh, whose names I do not know, that Colonel Campbell had ordered them to fall back, and as there was a large pond of water in my rear, I led my regiment out of the woods by the left flank, when I met you and was ordered back. I then marched up the road and wheeled my entire regiment into the same piece of woods. Colonel Lee followed with his regiment, which he intended posting on my right, but the enemy opened upon him just as he was about to turn the angle of the road, and his right was thrown into confusion. This caused Companies D, A and I, of the right wing, and Company H, to the left of the colors, in my regiment, to give way. Company D promptly reformed and came into line; the other three companies, I am told, reformed and attached themselves for the remainder of the day to other regiments. They were not with me. Colonel Campbell's regiment, seven of my companies, Lieutenant Webb, of Company H, and a few rank and file from the three missing companies, engaged the enemy in the woods, and were exposed to a hot fire, when fresh troops came up and relieved us temporarily.

Major James Barbour, General Ewell's Assistant Adjutant General, approached me soon afterwards and requested me to take my command to the support of a portion of his forces, which had advanced into the open field in front of the woods. My command advanced most gallantly through the woods and into the open field, although exposed to a front and right enfilade infantry fire, and bravely remained there until General George B. Anderson's

brigade debouched from the woods to our left and charged across the field. I ordered my men to cease firing when the brigade was nearly in front of us, and, forming on its right, assisted them in clearing the field of the enemy.

At the "advice" of General Anderson, my men being now very much fatigued, I remained with a portion of his brigade in a somewhat sheltered position until nightfall, when I rejoined you. Our loss in this engagement was thirteen killed and seventy-eight wounded.

Sunday evening we recrossed the Chickahominy, and on Monday evening (the 30th) were among the first to engage the enemy. The whole brigade advanced, driving the foe before us, notwithstanding the character of the ground. My regiment, in its advance, had to pass through two skirts of wood, containing swampy ground, and an intermediate open field, in which there was a dwelling, surrounded by a yard and garden, all of which, I am told, had been converted into a temporary breastwork by the enemy. All of my men behaved well in this action, notwithstanding they were exposed to a murderous fire of shell, grape and small arms. I did not remain with my regiment until the close of the fight, as a flesh wound in the right cheek forced me to leave the field. Our loss was six killed and fifty wounded.

We were not actively engaged in the Tuesday's fight, though we were ordered out late in the evening and were exposed to a terrific shelling, first in the open field in front of the enemy's guns, and then to the left, in a small piece of woods. Fortunately we had only one man wounded and none killed.

With only one field officer, three captains, but few lieutenants, and our ranks greatly reduced by sickness, caused by the hardships we had to undergo in our retreat from Hanover Courthouse, we had to contend with the enemy in the recent terrible engagements before Richmond under many disadvantages; but our loss—one hundred and fifty killed and wounded out of an effective force of four hundred eighty, including the ambulance corps, about one-third—will show how nobly the Twenty-eighth behaved in this great struggle for independence.

I would respectfully call your attention to Captain T. James Linebarger, of Company C, and Captain D. A. Parker, of Company D; First Lieutenant N. Clark, of Company E; First Lieutenant E. G. Morrow, of Company G; First Lieutenant W. W. Cloninger, of Company B, and Second Lieutenant Robert D. Rhyne, of Com-

pany B. All of these officers behaved with great gallantry and bravery.

Sergeant-Major Milton A. Lowe, on the battlefields of the 27th and 30th, more than once proved himself a brave and fearless young defender of Southern rights, and has won the admiration of all who saw him.

Color-Bearer J. P. Little, of Company C, was wounded on the 27th, but was at his post again in a short time.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE,

Colonel Commanding Twenty-eighth N. C. V.

P. S.—Our entire loss in all the battles before Richmond was subsequently ascertained to be one hundred and seventy-seven (177).

It is due to Company H that I should state that I never had cause to complain of it after the Cold Harbor fight. In all the battles from that time to the close of the war, it behaved most gallantly, and always in a manner to reflect credit both upon itself and the brigade to which it belonged.

JAMES H. LANE.

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL A. P. HILL'S REPORT.

Mechanicsville—General Branch having come up, was ordered forward as a support to the brigades already engaged, and Johnston's battery took position near McIntosh and Braxton.

Cold Harbor—Arriving at the creek, upon which Gaines' mill is located, half mile from Cold Harbor, the enemy was discovered upon the opposite bank. Gregg's brigade was at once thrown in line of battle, and the skirmishers directed to effect a lodgment. * * * * Branch was ordered up and formed on Gregg's right. Pender having cleared my right flank, to which service he had been assigned, Archer was sent to relieve him, thus putting him (Archer) on my extreme right. Anderson was formed on Branch's right, and Field on his right, and connecting with Archer. Crenshaw and Johnston were brought into battery on the left of the road and in rear of Gregg's line. I had delayed the attack until I could hear from General Longstreet, and this now occurring, the order was given. This was about half-past two P. M. Gregg, then Branch, and then Anderson, successively became engaged. The incessant roar of musketry and deep thunder of artillery told that

the whole force of the enemy were in my front. Branch becoming hard pressed, Pender was sent to his relief. * * * * * Gregg and Branch fought with varying success—Gregg having before him the vaunted Zouaves and Sykes' regulars. Pender's brigade was suffering heavily, but stubbornly held its own. Field and Archer met a withering storm of bullets, but pressed on to within a short distance of the enemy's works, but the storm was too fierce for such a handful of men. They recoiled, and were again pressed to the charge, but with no better success. These brave men had done all that any brave soldiers could do. Directing their men to lie down, the fight was continued and help awaited, From having been the attacking party, I now became the attacked, but stubbornly, gallantly, was the ground held. My division was thus engaged two hours before assistance was received. * * *

About 7 o'clock, the General-in-Chief in person gave me an order to advance my whole line, and to communicate this order as far as I could to all the commanders of troops. This was done, and a general advance being made, the enemy were swept from the field, and the pursuit only stopped by nightfall and the exhaustion of our troops.

Frazier's Firm—The firing becoming very heavy, I was ordered forward with my division. Branch's brigade took the route, and with springing steps pressed forward. Arriving upon open ground, he formed his line and moved to the support of the troops in his front.

Malvern Hill—Finding that General Magruder needed assistance, I sent two brigades—Branch's and Thomas' (Anderson's). They were, however, not actively engaged. My division, however, was placed in line of battle near the scene of action and under fire, but passive.

Killed and wounded—Among the general and field officers killed and wounded during these battles are Colonels Campbell, C. C. Lee, * * killed, and Colonels Cowan, J. H. Lane, * * wounded.

Especial mention for conspicuous gallantry is made of the following officers: Colonels * * * J. H. Lane and Cowan.

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL LEE'S REPORT.

Chickahominy—Pressing on towards the York River railroad, A. P. Hill, who was in advance, reached the vicinity of New Cold Harbor about 2 P. M., where he encountered the enemy. He immediately formed his line nearly parallel to the road leading from

that place towards the McGehee's house, and soon became hotly engaged. * * * * The principal part of the Federal army was now on the north side of the Chickahominy. Hill's single division met this large force with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished. They drove the enemy back and assailed him in his strong position on the ridge. The battle raged fiercely and with varying fortune more than two hours. Three regiments pierced the enemy's line and forced their way to the crest of the hill to his left, but were compelled to fall back before overwhelming numbers. The superior force of the enemy, assisted by the fire of his batteries south of the Chickahominy, which played incessantly on our columns as they pressed through the difficulties that obstructed their way, caused them to recoil. Though most of the men never had been under fire until the day before, they were rallied and in turn repelled the advance of the enemy. Some brigades were broken, others stubbornly maintained their positions, but it became apparent that the enemy were gradually gaining ground. * * * * The arrival of fresh troops enabled A. P. Hill to withdraw some of his brigades, wearied and reduced by their long and arduous conflict. * * *

Frazier's Farm—Huger not coming up and Jackson having been unable to force the passage of White Oak swamp, Longstreet and Hill were without the expected support. The superiority of numbers and advantage of position were on the side of the enemy. The battle raged furiously until 9 P. M. By that time the enemy had been driven with great slaughter from every position but one, which he maintained until he was enabled to withdraw under cover of darkness. At the close of the struggle, nearly the entire field remained in our possession, covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. Many prisoners, including a General of division, were captured, and several batteries with some thousands of small arms were taken. Could the other commands have co-operated in the action, the result would have proved more disastrous to the enemy. * * * *

GENERAL BRANCH'S CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS TO HIS BRIGADE.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, LIGHT DIVISION,
July 29, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 6.

The General commanding the brigade having been authorized to have inscribed on the battle-flags of his regiments the

names of actions in which they have participated, avails himself of the opportunity to refer to some of these actions.

At Newberne, besides the fleet of gunboats, you fought 13,000 of the best troops in the Federal service, having reserves of 7,000. You numbered less than 4,000—not ten of whom, officers and men, had ever been in battle before. After an uninterrupted fire of four hours—which has not been exceeded by any you have since heard (except for one hour at Gaines' mill), and after you had inflicted on the enemy a loss of not less than half of your own numbers in killed and wounded—you made good your retreat out of a peninsula in which he had confidently boasted that he would capture you as he would "chickens in a coop."

At Slash church, you encountered the division of General Porter and a part of the division of General Sedgwick, numbering at least 20,000, including 5,000 United States regulars.

You, with the two other regiments temporarily acting with you, numbered about 4,000, repulsed the enemy's attack, and boldly advancing, attacked him with such vigor that after six hours' combat, you withdrew in perfect order to prevent being surrounded in the night—the enemy not daring to follow you beyond the field of battle.

Your commander might have justified himself in retiring before such superior forces both at Newberne and Slash church; but when on assuming a command, he resolved never to retreat before any hostile force without fighting it, he did not place too high an estimate on the valor and discipline of the brave men it is his pride to command.

In the late brilliant operations below Richmond, you were the first brigade to cross the Chickahominy; you were the first to meet the enemy, and the first to start him on that retreat in which the able combinations of our General-in-Chief allowed him to take no rest until he found shelter under the guns of his shipping. You captured from him a flag before any of the troops had crossed the Chickahominy.

At Mechanicsville, you were under a heavy fire on Thursday evening, the 26th, and Friday morning, which you had no opportunity to return.

At Gaines' mill you opened the fight and continued in it until the enemy had been driven from every part of the field.

On Monday, at Frazier's Farm, you were again in the heat of the engagement, from its opening to its close, driving the enemy before you for a great distance and capturing a battery.

On Tuesday, at Malvern hill, you were again under a terrible fire, which you had no opportunity to return.

Though rarely able to turn out 3,000 men for duty, you have, in six pitched battles and several skirmishes, lost 1,250 in killed and wounded.

Of five Colonels, two have been killed in battle, two wounded, and one taken prisoner by an overwhelming force.

While making this bloody but brilliant record for your brigade, you have been, as soldiers of freedom should always be, modest, uncomplaining, and regardful of what is due to others.

Your ranks have been thinned by the casualties of war, but be not discouraged. In a few days they will be filled by recruits, and yours will be the proud task of teaching them to maintain the reputation you have achieved.

The regiments of the brigade are respectively entitled to have inscribed on their flags as follows:

The Seventh regiment—"Newberne, Slash Church, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill." The same inscription is to be inscribed on the flags of the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-third regiments.

The Eighteenth regiment—"Slash Church, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill."

Branch's attillery (Captain Latham)—"Newberne" and "Slash Church."

The Quartermaster of the brigade will furnish flags inscribed as above.

L. O'B. BRANCH,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

"General Lee to the Rear"—The Incident with Harris' Mississippi Brigade.

We take great pleasure in publishing the following detailed account of the incident which occurred with Harris' gallant Mississippians on the 12th of May, 1864, and to which we briefly alluded in our paper in the January number as being (alike with the scene with the Texans in the Wilderness, and that with Gordon's division at Spotsylvania)—"well authenticated":

Letter from General N. H. Harris.

VICKSBURG, August 24th, 1871.

Colonel CHARLES S. VENABLE,

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.:

Dear Sir—I am about to trespass upon your kind attention in a matter which may seem at first entirely personal, but the contrary will appear to you after a full and complete statement of my object and wishes. You will recollect, Colonel, that on the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, my brigade (Mississippi), having double-quickened from the left of our lines, was halted on the Courthouse road, near Spotsylvania Courthouse; that, after a halt at this point of a half hour, General Lee in person ordered the brigade (I being at the right of the brigade) to an attention, put it on the march, left in front, and himself at the head, moved in the direction of the salient from which the troops of General Edward Johnson had been driven; that, moving at the quick-step, we were soon under a heavy artillery fire from the batteries of the enemy in front and to our right; that, whilst thus advancing, General Lee, yourself, myself and staff at the head of the brigade, a twelve pound (ricochet) shot passed just in front of General Lee, so near as to excite his horse very much, causing him to rear and plunge in such a manner as would have unseated a less accomplished horseman.

The men, seeing the narrow escape of their beloved commander, earnestly urged him to go back, and one or two of them caught hold of the bridle of his horse and turned the animal around. General Lee then spoke to the men and told them that if they would drive the enemy from the captured works, he would go back, The men responded with a hearty "we will!"

The brigade moved forward to the point of attack, drove the enemy from the captured works and held the position until 4 A. M. of the 13th, resisting effectually the repeated efforts of Grant's massed forces to dislodge them.

With this statement of facts, which I have no doubt will readily recur to you, I beg to call your attention to an entirely different version of this affair given by Major John Esten Cooke in his life

of General R. E. Lee, pages 397 and 398, in which he gives the credit to troops from another State.

Now, as you were an eye-witness of what did take place, and personally knew what troops were thus engaged, and occupying the position you did upon the staff of General Lee, I feel that I am warranted in calling upon you for a correction of what may become an error of history. Publications of this kind, often made upon newspaper reports and rumors not always reliable, work a grave injustice.

I have no doubt if General Gordon's attention was called to this publication, that he, with that noble and high sense of honor that has ever marked his conduct, both as a soldier and civilian, would himself make the proper correction, as he wears too many justly earned honors to desire those which properly belong to others. Personally, I care but little; but for the gallant men whom I had the honor to lead I care a great deal, and I feel that it is imperative upon me to see that justice is done them in the premises.

Almost a similar scene occurred on the 6th of May, 1864, in the Wilderness, between General Lee and Gregg's Texas brigade, and with a great many that has been confounded with the incident at Spotsylvania.

I trust, Colonel, if not demanding too great a concession of your valuable time, you will furnish me a statement of the facts in this matter, in accordance with your recollection.

With my best wishes for your health and prosperity,

I am, Colonel, truly your friend,

N. H. HARRIS.

Letter from Colonel C. S. Venable.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, November 24th, 1871.

To General N. H. HARRIS:

My Dear General—Your letter of August 24th was duly received. I sought a copy of Major Cooke's life of General Lee and read therein the myth concerning the battle scene of May 12th, 1864, at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Major Cooke has evidently confounded (in a distorted way) some incidents of the fight on a portion of Rodes' front on the afternoon of the 10th of May, when Gordon and others urged General Lee to retire from the front, with the great battle of May 12th. You do right not to permit so gross a misstatement of facts, which robs the brave Mississippians whom you commanded of their proper meed of glory, to pass unnoticed.

You ask me to relate the incidents of the twelfth of May, connecting General Lee with your brigade in the bloody battle of that day.

General Rodes had immediate charge of the troops who held the enemy at bay in the angle of our works, which they had captured at dawn, and he may justly be called the hero of the battle at the

salient. The enemy, in attempting to press their advantage, massed their troops and made repeated assaults with overwhelming odds on the troops sent to oppose their further progress within our lines. Rodes sent from time to time urgent messages for more troops. Brigade after brigade was ordered to his assistance as they could be spared from other portions of the line. On the receipt of one of these messages from Rodes, General Lee sent me to our extreme right, occupied by General Mahone, to bring up your brigade. You moved rapidly across the open space in rear of the Courthouse. When we had reached a point on the Courthouse road, near General Lee's position on the line, the brigade was halted for a few minutes. General Lee rode up alone during this halt, and gave orders that you should move on at once to General Rodes' assistance; and, as the column moved on, he rode at your side at its head. We soon came under the fire of the enemy's artillery. This excited General Lee's horse, and as he was in the act of rearing, a round shot passed under his belly, very near the General's stirrup. The men of the brigade cried out: "Go back, General! Go back! For God's sake, go back!" and perhaps some made a motion to seize his bridle. He then said, "If you will promise me to drive those people from our works, *I will go back!*" The men shouted their promise with a will. General Lee then gave me orders to guide the brigade to General Rodes. We found General Rodes near the famous spring within a few rods of the line of battle held by our exhausted troops. As the column of Mississippians came up at a double-quick, an aid-de-camp came to General Rodes with a message from Ramseur that he could hold out only a few minutes longer unless assistance was at hand.

Your brigade was thrown instantly into the fight, the column being formed into line under a tremendous fire and on very difficult ground. Never did a brigade go into fiercer battle under greater trials; never did a brigade do its duty more nobly. The entire salient was not recaptured, but the progress of the enemy was checked, and they were driven into a narrow space in the angle which they had occupied.

The disaster of the morning was retrieved, and our troops held their difficult position under a heavy, unceasing fire during the remainder of the day and the entire night. They were withdrawn before daylight on the morning of the 13th to the rifle pits constructed under Gordon's supervision, while the battle was raging a short distance in rear of the old line. The enemy abandoned the captured salient on the same day as useless to them, or perhaps as a *ruse* preparatory to a grand assault on our left, ordered by General Grant at daylight on the 14th (this we learned from captured copies of his battle orders). His troops, however, failed to come up to the attack.

The day of the salient, which began in disaster to us, did not close without many shattering blows to the attacking column.

Of the incident of the battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of

May, in connection with the Texas brigade (often, as you say, confounded with the incidents of May 12th, related above), I was also an eye-witness; and I believe that few battle incidents recorded in history rise in grandeur above those two occasions when General Lee went into the charge with the Texans at the Wilderness and when he led the Mississippians into battle at Spotsylvania.

I am, General, very truly, your friend,

CHARLES S. VENABLE.

It may be well to add that there is really no conflict in the several accounts we have published. The incident certainly occurred, under somewhat similar circumstances, upon *three* occasions, viz: In the Wilderness on the 6th of May with the Texas brigade; at Spotsylvania Courthouse on the 12th of May with Gordon's division; and on the same morning with Harris' Mississippi brigade.

As completing his account of the three incidents, we quote Colonel Venable's description of the scene in the Wilderness, and with Gordon's division, as given in his address before the Virginia Division, Army of Northern Virginia Association:

THE SCENE IN THE WILDERNESS.

General Lee soon sent a message to Longstreet to make a night march and bring up his two divisions at daybreak on the 6th. He himself slept on the field, taking his headquarters a few hundred yards from the line of battle of the day. It was his intention to relieve Hill's two divisions with Longstreet's, and throw them farther to the left, to fill up a part of the great unoccupied interval between the Plank road and Ewell's right, near the Old turnpike, or use them on his right, as the occasion might demand. It was unfortunate that any of these troops should have become aware they were to be relieved by Longstreet. It is certain that owing to this impression, Wilcox's division, on the right, was not in condition to receive Hancock's attack at early dawn on the morning of the 6th, by which they were driven back in considerable confusion. In fact some of the brigades of Wilcox's division came back in disorder, but sullenly and without panic, entirely across the Plank road, where General Lee and the gallant Hill in person helped to rally them. The assertion, made by several writers, that Hill's troops were driven back a mile and a half, is a most serious mistake. The right of his line was thrown back several hundred yards, but a portion of the troops still maintained their position. The danger, however, was great, and General Lee sent his trusted Adjutant, Colonel W. H. Taylor, back to Parker's store, to get the trains ready for a movement to the rear. He sent an aid also to hasten the march of Longstreet's divisions. These came the last mile and a half at a double-quick, in parallel columns, along the

Plank road. General Longstreet rode forward with that imperturbable coolness which always characterized him in times of perilous action, and began to put them in position on the right and left of the road. His men came to the front of disordered battle with a steadiness unexampled even among veterans, and with an elan which presaged restoration of our battle and certain victory. When they arrived, the bullets of the enemy on our right flank had begun to sweep the field in the rear of the artillery pits on the left of the road, where General Lee was giving directions and assisting General Hill in rallying and reforming his troops. It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across our artillery pit and its adjacent breastwork. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry, "Go back, General Lee! Go back!" Some historians like to put this in less homely words; but the brave Texans did not pick their phrases. "We won't go on unless you go back!" A sergeant seized his bridle rein. The gallant General Gregg (who laid down his life on the 9th October, almost in General Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines in the rear of Fort Harrison), turning his horse towards General Lee, remonstrated with him. Just then I called his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position. With the first opportunity I informed General Longstreet of what had just happened, and he, with affectionate bluntness, urged General Lee to go farther back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong, and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored, and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before.

THE SCENE WITH GORDON'S DIVISION.

Gordon soon arranged the left of his division to make an effort to recapture the lines by driving the enemy back with his right. As he was about to move forward with his Georgia and Virginia brigades in the charge, General Lee, who had reached the front a few minutes before, rode up and joined him. Seeing that Lee was about to ride with him in the charge, the scene of the 6th of May was repeated. Gordon pointed to his Georgians and Virginians,

who had never failed him, and urged him to go to the rear. This incident has passed into history, and I will not repeat the details here. Suffice it to say Lee yielded to his brave men, accepting their promise to drive the enemy back. Gordon, carrying the colors, led them forward in a headlong, resistless charge, which carried every thing before it, recapturing the trenches on the right of the salient, and a portion of those on the left, recovering some of the lost guns and leaving the rest of them on disputed ground between our troops and the portion of the line still held by the enemy.

Colonel Venable, in this splendid address on "The Campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg," also gives a vivid description of the scene with Harris' brigade; but as it is substantially the same as the account given in his letter to General Harris, quoted above, we will not reproduce it here. He concludes as follows:

The homely simplicity of General Lee in these scenes of the 6th and 12th of May, is in striking contrast with the theatrical tone of the famous order of Napoleon at Austerlitz, in which he said: "Soldiers, I will keep myself at a distance from the fire, if with your accustomed valor you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but if victory appear uncertain, you will see your Emperor expose himself in the front of battle." It is the contrast of the simple devotion to duty of the Christian patriot, thoughtless of self, fighting for all that men held dear, with the selfish spirit of the soldier of fortune, "himself the only god of his idolatry."

I have been thus particular in giving this incident, because it has been by various writers of the life of Lee confounded with the other two incidents of a like character which I have before given. In fact, to our great Commander, "so low in his opinion of himself and so sublime in all his actions," these were matters of small moment; and when written to by a friend in Maryland (Judge Mason), after the war, as to whether such an incident ever occurred, replied briefly, "Yes; General Gordon was the General"—alluding thus concisely to the incident of the early morning of the 12th, when General Gordon led the charge, passing over the similar occurrences entirely, in his characteristic manner of never speaking of himself when he could help it. But that which was a small matter to him was a great one to the men whom he thus led.

Prison Life at Fort McHenry.

By Rev. Dr. T. D. WITHERSPOON, late Chaplain of the Forty-Second Mississippi Regiment.

PAPER No. 2.

It was my lot to be entertained successively in two of the leading hotels of this prison, and of these I will briefly speak. The first was the loft of the stable in which the horses of the officers of the fort were stalled. The floor, which separated us from our neighing neighbors beneath us, was full of broad seams from the shrinkage of the rough boards of which it was composed, so that the hot, steamy air from below had full access to us, and during the oppressive days and sultry nights of July and August, with the thin roof of shingles between us and the sun, and the hot steam arising from the stalls beneath, our situation was anything but comfortable. Nor must you judge us too harshly if I assure you that there was a general feeling of relief when we found one morning, to our surprise, that a process of summary ejectment had been served upon our four-footed neighbors and a hundred or more ragged and bare-foot Confederates were being marched in *sans ceremonie* and quartered in their stalls.

The lower story of our hotel having thus come into requisition for purposes of prison transfer, it was not long until the demand was also made for the upper story, as it was near to the office of the Provost Marshal, and, therefore, convenient for the temporary herding of Confederates on their passage through.

Our next hotel was a more airy one, and, therefore, in good weather, a more comfortable one—an old shed, originally built as a barracks for Federal troops, some twenty feet wide by an hundred feet long, with dirt floor, weatherboarding of rough boards set upright and without strips to cover the seams, which were from a half inch to an inch in breadth, with roofing of the same rough boards, warped and shriveled by the sun so that the heavy September rains ran down in torrents upon us. On either side of the long apartment were rows of two-story berths (or *bunks* in soldier parlance), made of rough boards, without mattresses, or straw or bedding of any kind, our only protection from the hard board being found in the army blanket, which each prisoner had brought with him to the fort, or with which he had been provided through the generosity of friends.

In so far as concerns the provisions made for our comfort by the Federal authorities, there is nothing more to relate. The bunks were never supplied with straw. There were no chairs or stools. No basins or towels were given us for purposes of ablution. No plates or cups, no knives or forks or spoons with which to partake of our food. As to ablutions, they were performed during those hours of the day when we had access to the well by water drawn from the pump and poured from canteens into our hands. Most of us were possessors of a pocket knife and a tin cup apiece. Hard crackers served us for plates, and forks and spoons were whittled out of the soft pine wood of the boxes in which our hard tack was served.

Having thus glanced at prison accommodations, let us turn for a moment to the bill of fare. Picture to yourself an immense camp kettle, holding thirty or forty gallons, brought three times a day into our barracks, borne like the famous clusters of Eschol on a pole between two blue coats, whilst behind follows a third soldier, bearing on his shoulders a box some two feet and a half in length. Add at dinner-time a swarthy darkey to close the procession carrying on his head a camp kettle holding six or eight gallons, and you have a complete view of our peripatetic dining-room service as it might have been seen any day during the latter part of our imprisonment. The procession files in through the door of the shed. The four deposit their burdens on the dirt floor. One of them sings out, "I say, Rebs, here's your *raytions*" (why was it that the Federals always pronounced the word that way?). Then the party retire and leave the viands to be consumed after the most approved Rebel fashion.

Let us draw near and inspect the prison fare. The eager rush for the large camp kettle by all who are fortunate enough to possess a tin cup shows that it contains something to drink. What it is depends on the hour of the day. If it is morning or evening the camp kettle contains coffee (so-called). If the hour is noon, the immense cauldron contains bean soup. But as the same vessel brings coffee in the morning and soup at noon, it would be no very easy matter to decide by the taste which is coffee and which is soup.

The smaller camp kettle, which makes its visit only once a day, contains meat. One day "salt horse" (the army name for the poorer quality of pickled beef, which was sometimes issued as army rations), and the next day mess-pork, usually ancient and

rancid. Of one of these meats a half pound a day was issued for each prisoner, and considering the kind of ration this was certainly enough.

The square box contained "hard tack," a kind of ship biscuit that would have been nutritious and wholesome if in good condition, but which was always stale, often moulded, not unfrequently wormy and putrescent. These articles of diet, with once a week perhaps some Irish potatoes and an occasional change to fresh beef, constituted our prison diet. The rancid meat and the musted bread, which made the staple of it, were utterly destructive of health, and had we not been provided with better food through the generosity of friends in Baltimore, without the knowledge of the officers of the fort, few of us would have survived even the brief time of our imprisonment.

That it was the design of the Federal authorities to subject us to these hardships I seriously question. I think that in both Confederate and Federal prisons it will be found that most of the discomforts and privations came through the negligence or malice or greed of those to whom the care of the prisoners was immediately entrusted. The assistant steward, who brought our rations to us, acknowledged, when closely pressed, that the rations served to us were not those issued to us by the Government, but damaged commissary stores that had been condemned for army use and sold at auction in Baltimore, and which were bought by the steward of the prison for a mere trifle and issued to us, whilst the rations assigned us by the Government were converted to their own use and disposed of at high rates of profit.

We did not live upon these rations. Kind friends in Baltimore supplied us from time to time with money. Cooked vegetables and fruits were brought every day into the barracks for sale, and we were thus enabled to purchase what was needful to our comfort and health. Indeed, if the friends of the South in Baltimore had been permitted to do for us all that their generous hearts prompted, our every want would have been supplied. Day after day we saw carriages enter the fort laden with blankets and clothing, while the white handkerchiefs waved to us as the carriages swept by showed us that these supplies were designed for us. They never reached us, however, and though many of our number were in threadbare clothing, and during the latter part of our stay shivering with cold, the only supplies of clothing they received were those which by secret channels of communication were conveyed to us by friends.

With the daily routine of our prison life I will not weary the reader, for its only peculiarity was its dull and wearisome monotony. With nothing to occupy us from morning until night; chafing under a sense of our own unjust imprisonment, and oppressed with a sense of the misfortunes that crowded thick and fast upon our beloved country; cut off from books and ordinary sources of recreation; forbidden the privilege of receiving visits from friends in Baltimore; our only communications with home being through the doubtful and unsatisfactory medium of the flag of truce correspondence; our only news from the war coming through the fallacious bulletins of the Northern press, it required a constant struggle, as the prison discipline grew more harsh and the hope of release more distant, to ward off that prison melancholy which is so sure a precursor of debility and disease.

The usual expedients were resorted to for the purpose of driving away dull care. There was all manner of cunning artifice in wood, in gutta-percha, in ivory and in silver. Rings, chains, breastpins, lockets, charms, &c., were made and exchanged with the guard for rations or kept as mementoes for the loved ones at home. Then there was the writing and receiving of underground letters, the rehearsal of the stories of camp life, speculations upon the state of the country, discussion and criticism of military movements, the planning of imaginary campaigns, the achievement of imaginary victories, &c. As these lost their novelty, and the spirits of the party began to flag, the more bouyant amongst us resorted to fresh and somewhat juvenile methods of diversion.

First of all we organized ourselves into a regiment in burlesque of the splendidly equipped and caparisoned regiment which guarded the fort, and thus had the daily diversion of guard-mounting and dress-parade. The uniform of the regiment, it is needless to say, was not up to army regulations. Most of us had come into the fort in badly damaged apparel. Many had been supplied by the ladies of Baltimore through "underground" channels of communication; but many were still somewhat threadbare, whilst of those who were supplied the fit of the uniform was not very exact, as our kind donors could not know the size of those whom they were to supply, and were obliged to send medium sizes of clothing. And thus it occurred that when we were drawn up in line, here stood an officer of more than ordinary height of stature, his long arms protruding several inches through his coat sleeves, and by his side a small but ambitious little soldier, who looked for all the

world as if his coat had swallowed him. These fancy uniforms, capped with the far-famed Confederate hat, which assumed under exposure to the weather every hue of color and every possible transformation of shape, made up a regiment of which Falstaff himself might justly have been proud.

The soldiers of the garrison had their guard mountings, and so had we. We were their prisoners—the rats were ours. Every morning our guard was duly mounted. A sentinel was stationed at each hole where the rats were burrowing beneath our walls. When the alarm was sounded and the enemy under chase, the "Department of the Patapsco" expected every man to do his duty, and woe to the unfortunate sentinel who suffered the enemy to escape.

The great event of the day in the Federal garrison was the brilliant dress parade, held every evening a little before sunset in full view of our barracks, and attended by many elegant people from the city. Our dress parade was our *chef d'œuvre*, too, being held immediately after the other, just outside of our barracks and in view of a considerable portion of the garrison. The Federal regiment prided itself on its band of music, the leader or drum-major of which was a handsome Pole, of almost giant stature, whose tall form was rendered still more imposing by his lofty Cossack hat and plume, and by the immense mace which he balanced gracefully in his hand, marking time for his musicians as he led them along the line of flashing bayonets in the parade.

We had a drum-major, too—a noble-hearted Virginian, whose hand I have recently had the pleasure of shaking at Orange Court-house. Nearly as tall as the Pole, we made up the additional height by stacking some of our old Confederate farmer-shaped hats one upon another. He had carved out of wood a fair counterpart of the mace of his Yankee rival, and, when thus equipped, he moved up and down along the line of the regiment, followed by his band, one with a half flour-barrel suspended from his neck for a drum, another with two tin plates as cymbals, a third with an old cracked flageolet which had been thrown away by some soldier of the fort, and the fourth with a coarse comb, covered with a slip of paper, after the well-remembered mechanism of our childhood, the scene was striking beyond description, especially when, as was generally the case, the full power of the orchestra was exhausted upon Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, or some other favorite National air.

Then again, for the entertainment of lonely evenings, we organized a literary society, which held its meetings once or twice a week, immediately after supper, and which numbered some twenty or more clever debaters. Many and various were the subjects discussed; vast and heterogeneous the stores of original thought evolved by men who had no access to books, and amidst throes which attested the profoundness of that vasty deep from which the treasures were being drawn up. It is a matter of profound regret that no stenographer was present, and that thus all these purely original thoughts have been lost to the world.

"Like snow drops on the river,
A moment white, then gone forever."

It would naturally be supposed, the debates which awakened most interest were those in which woman was in some way involved. On these occasions not only would every Rebel be in place to hear the discussion, but Yankees, too, would crowd around us. Even Federal captains and lieutenants would swell the line of blue coats that formed a cordon about our quarters. The usual taps for extinction of lights would be disregarded, and the discussion ran on towards the hour of midnight. Then, alas for the speaker who was appointed to defend the side of the question which was unfavorable to woman, and thus go against the popular current! He might plead with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, or the smooth persuasion of a Tully; his logic might be irrefragable, his arguments conclusive, his positions impregnable; but no inspiring applause greeted his most masterly efforts, while his opponent was cheered at every point, and in the final vote the unlucky orator was sure to be in a lean and helpless minority.

Well do I remember when it was made my duty to defend the negative in the question, "Is love a safe guide in the formation of matrimonial alliances?" I traversed, as far as I could in unaided memory, all history and literature to establish the proverbial blindness of love—then entered the domain of poetry and art, painting Cupid the blind boy, as Aurora with her rosy fingers, drew aside the curtains of the dawn, and Apollo, god of day, drove his fiery steeds up along the eastern sky, whilst the poor boy groped in his blindness and shot his arrows at random through the air. Then I entered the domain of Metaphysics, and with Kant's marvellous trichotomy as my guide, showed how in that three-fold adjustment of man's nature god-like reason was designed to sit upon the

throne, love with all other passions to be in subjection to its wise control—how perilous in its subversion of the order of nature, therefore, to make love, a mere passion of the soul, our guide. Thus, mingling sentiment with argument, and alternating between pathos and invective, I gave my best energies to the subject, and sat down at length amidst a feeble effort at applause, which, as I saw, came from my colleague appointed on the same side. And when the final vote was taken, my voice was the only one heard in the negative, even my colleague having ingloriously deserted me and whipped over to the other side.

When our stock of available questions had run low and interest in our society began to flag, the expedient was resorted to of re-enacting the celebrated scene in the debating club so graphically described by Judge Longstreet in the "Georgia Scenes." Many of you remember the question in that famous debate, "Whether, in popular elections, the vote of factions should predominate according to the bias of jurisprudence, or according to the force of internal suggestion." At first it was proposed to introduce the same question, but as it was found that one of the proposed debaters was familiar with the debate in "Georgia Scenes," it was found necessary to substitute another; and so, after considerable conference amongst those admitted to the secret, the following question was agreed upon and announced, "Whether the foundations of wise legislation are to be sought in the inherent principles of social ethics, or in the philosophy of practical utility."

The first speaker in the affirmative was a youthful chaplain, who had been until recently a private in the ranks, and for whom a chaplain's commission had been procured by way of promotion for gallantry in the ranks. He was as modest and retiring as a woman, though brave and generous almost to a fault. As his name was called and he took his place upon the floor, it was evident that he was not at all at ease. He began by saying that the question was a new and difficult one, that he undertook its discussion with great diffidence and hoped all due indulgence would be given him. He then proceeded to state as clearly as he could what he conceived to be the question for discussion, and had about gotten before the house a question which was susceptible of debate, when the president interrupted him by saying that whilst the question which he was discussing was a very interesting one, he must remind him that it was not the question of the evening and he would please confine his remarks to the subject immediately under debate. The

face of the speaker crimsoned, he stammered a little, but recovered his self-possession and with heroic courage returned to the question as originally propounded, and again attempted a definition. Scarcely, however, had the question begun to assume tangible shape, when the president again called him to order, stating that he had manifestly wandered from the subject. The situation was now not only critical but perilous for our young orator. The great beads of perspiration were upon his brow. His knees, unconsciously to himself, were smiting together; his fingers were nervously plying as if to catch the thin air by his side; a faint, half-choking "Mr. President"; a somewhat more audible repetition after a long pause, "Mr. President"; a half-vacant stare around the room as if he would catch the lost thread of his argument in the look of some one of his hearers; then the light play of a smile upon his features, as he began to realize the ludicrousness of the situation, a smile followed by a simultaneous outburst of laughter and shouts of huzzah from the audience, in the midst of which the discomfited orator retired, losing himself from view in the depths of the throng.

The first speaker in the negative was then called, but was shrewd enough to baffle us by entering a plea, sustained by the president, that as no argument had been advanced on the affirmative side, he had the right to withhold his rejoinder until the second affirmative had spoken.

The second affirmative was therefore called for, and a surgeon responded, one of those ready speakers whose boast it was that he was always ready to speak, and that the more abstruse the subject the better suited to his tastes. He began by saying that he was exceedingly gratified that the subject now under consideration had been chosen for discussion. It was one to the study of which he had devoted much attention. Indeed, its importance could not be overestimated. It was the neglect of this great question on the part of our statesmen which had deluged the land in blood, dismembered a once prosperous and happy republic, arrayed brother against brother in fratricidal strife, &c. After this telling introduction, he proceeded to state that there were two great sources of knowledge—intuitive or *a priori* convictions, and inductive or *a posteriori* conclusions—that from the first of these we derive the inherent principles of social ethics, and from the second the philosophy of practical utility; that the question, therefore, resolves itself into this, whether we are to be governed by *a priori* and intuitive convictions of conscience, or by *a posteriori* and inductive

experiences of reason? and was just proceeding to launch out upon this question when the president very blandly interposed with the statement that he had slightly wandered from the question, which had nothing to do with *a priori* or *a postiori*, but was a question as to the true basis of legislation.

The speaker bowed politely, though it was evident that he was very much disconcerted, and, being a passionate man, somewhat angered. He said, however, pleasantly that if the president would bear with him for a moment he would convince him that his wandering from the question was only apparent and not real; that the president well remembered the two great ethical schools of Europe at the close of the last century, the one having its highest exponent in Paley, whose cardinal doctrine was that expediency was the sole ground of right; the other in Reid, the great master of the intuitional or common sense school. He was proceeding most eloquently to defend the intuitional school, when the president again called him to order. This time the rising storm of anger was apparent, but he checked it, righted himself gallantly and made a third sally and a fourth, only each time to be interrupted by the mild voice of the president, and to be provoked by a suppressed titter in the audience, until at length, when for the fourth time the president had interfered, he turned with flushed face, his eyes fairly flashing fire, and exclaimed, "But I say, sir, I *am* in order." "But I say, sir," said the president, "you are *not* in order." "Then, sir," said he, advancing and bringing his clenched fist down in a menacing attitude, "I would like to know what in the thunder you call being in order?"

The explosion that followed put an end to the discussion for the evening. The committee on questions felt it necessary for a little while to avoid the presence of the "second affirmative," but his good nature soon got the better of him, and he laughed as heartily as any of us over the joke at his expense.

**General W. T. Sherman's Visit to the Misses L—— at Canton, Miss.,
in February, 1864.**

By General S. D. LEE'S CHIEF SURGEON.

To render the points of interest in the conversation between General Sherman and the young ladies clearly intelligible, I will mention briefly the events which were the subject of discussion. General Sherman made two campaigns in Mississippi, besides those in which he was under the immediate command of General Grant. In the first, he came down the Mississippi river with thirty-two thousand men, and landing on Yazoo river, on the side next to Vicksburg, in December, 1862, advanced upon that place by way of Chickasaw bayou. He was met about six miles from Vicksburg by General Stephen D. Lee, with twenty-five hundred infantry and eight pieces of field artillery, which were posted in a strong position. After several desperate charges, General Sherman's army was repulsed with considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. This ended the campaign, and he returned up the Mississippi river.

The second campaign commenced at Vicksburg. On the 3d of February, 1864, he marched towards Meridian with twenty-seven thousand infantry, artillery and cavalry. He ordered General Smith, who was at Memphis, to march, with eight thousand cavalry and light artillery, by way of Okalona, Mississippi, and join him at Meridian.

General Polk, who was at Demopolis with his infantry corps, on hearing that General Sherman's army had reached Meridian and that General Smith was marching to the same place, ordered General S. D. Lee to march with thirty-five hundred cavalry and unite his force with an equal force under General N. Bedford Forrest, who was collecting his cavalry near West Point, Mississippi, to oppose General Smith. When General Smith reached West Point, he found Forrest on his right flank at Sookatouchie creek, four miles west of West Point, and Stephen D. Lee preparing to cross Tibbee creek, four miles south of West Point, which creek was deep and could not be forded. General Smith retreated precipitately, pursued by General Forrest, who was nearest the line of his retreat, and who succeeded in striking General Smith's rear guard a blow at Okalona and capturing six light field pieces.

General Sherman had only one brigade of cavalry at Meridian,

and without General Smith's force, he could not keep his communications open with his base of supplies, or subsist his army on the prairie region of East Mississippi; so he was compelled to fall back upon Vicksburg—each division selecting a different route, to gather subsistence from the already impoverished country. He reached Canton, Mississippi, on the 26th of February, without having fired a gun, except in constant skirmishes with Lee's cavalry, both on his advance and retreat. Having burned Canton, he encamped there a few days. While there, some young Federal officers called upon the accomplished Misses L——, celebrated for their conversational powers. While the officers were being amused and entertained by witticisms at the expense of their army, General Sherman walked into the parlor without being introduced. He had on his military great-coat, and quietly took his seat after bowing to those present. Miss L—— continued: "I suppose, gentlemen, you went to call on General Polk. I cannot account for your short stay. I hope you had a pleasant time in the hills of Leake county. It is an interesting country. I suppose you came that way to vary the amusement and to pay your respects to fresh corn-cribs. Stock is doubtless scarce along the line of the Vicksburg and Meridian road. Your protracted stay in Canton is very mysterious. But perhaps you are waiting for the wagons from Vicksburg? You need rest, too, after your terrible campaign. I suppose you paid your respects to General S. D. Lee. General Sherman got slightly acquainted with him at Chickasaw bayou."

General Sherman arose abruptly, drew himself up to his full height, threw the collar of his overcoat back, exposing the insignia of his rank, and said: "Miss, you do not know to whom you are talking," and immediately took his departure without bidding the company good evening.

As soon as General Sherman left Canton Lee's cavalry entered the town, and prompted by the same motive which induced the Federal officers to call, I went to see the Misses L—— and heard from the young ladies this account of the interview. After General Sherman left the parlor, the Federal officers informed the ladies that the person who had just left was General Sherman, and seemed much amused at the occurrence, and enjoyed a hearty laugh as soon as General Sherman was out of hearing.

SURGEON.

Sixty-nine Federals in Sight of their Army Captured by Seven Confederates.

[The following incident is sent us by Captain J. H. Carter, of Lexington, Kentucky, who got it at the time from the participants and other eye-witnesses, and vouches for its accuracy. We should be glad to receive and publish many well authenticated incidents of the prowess of our gallant "boys in gray."]

During the retreat of the Confederate army from Kentucky (Bragg's invasion), in the fall of 1862, Colonel Basil W. Duke's regiment of Morgan's cavalry was left, by order of General Kirby Smith, at Falmouth to guard the roads and watch the approach of the Federals, then advancing in large numbers from Cincinnati, Ohio, into the State—the Covington and Georgetown turnpike being their centre line of march. When they had reached a point about one mile from Walton, Boone county, and camped for the night, Duke left Falmouth about midnight, and by a hard ride reached the turnpike, about equi-distant from Walton and the Federal encampment just as day broke. The advance vidette here reported a Federal picket post of ten men in sight. These were captured by a small force under Lieutenant Messic, going round and in their rear. Duke then ordered Sergeant Will Hays, of Covington, Kentucky, to select six men from the famous "Advance guard" and proceed down the pike, find the enemy, and ascertain his position and strength. Hays chose Ash Welsh, of Cynthiana, Kentucky; Joseph M. Jones, of Paris, Kentucky; Thomas Franks, of Holly Springs, Mississippi; Frank Riggs, Hughes Conradt and Chapin Bartlett, of Covington, Kentucky, and at once commenced the dangerous mission. Each man felt the responsibility resting upon him and nerved himself for the worst. The turnpike here was remarkably crooked, and on one side was sheltered by a thick growth of small trees, vines and weeds. Reaching a point about a quarter of a mile from the starting place, and in rounding an abrupt turn in the road, our little squad found themselves plump into a picket-stand of sixty-nine infantrymen. In a moment every man of both parties had his gun cocked and leveled. The seven Confederates were all young and hot-blooded, and had, under the lead of Morgan and Duke, faced many forms of danger, but never before were the odds so great against them as now, and their mettle was to be put to the highest test. With the eye of a soldier, each

one realized the perilous position he and his comrades occupied. Hays at once, in a ringing tone, demanded an immediate surrender, saying that a regiment of John Morgan's cavalry was near at hand (it was one-quarter of a mile distant), and that if a shot was fired not a Federal should escape alive. The officer—a lieutenant—seemed bewildered to think that seven men should ride boldly into sixty-nine of his men and make such a demand, and especially when not more than five hundred yards away the entire Federal army was drawn up as if ready to march, their guns and arms glistening in the bright October sun, then just rising over the eastern hills. But the manner in which the demand was made, the bearing of each of the Confederates—each ready to “kill his man” at the word fire—together with the magical name of Morgan, combined to and did save them. The officer at once surrendered his sword to Jones—who happened to be immediately in his front with his gun drawn on him—and Hays at once placed the prisoners in position and ordered a double-quick back to the regiment. As the march began a Federal infantry regiment was rapidly advancing to the rescue of their picket comrades, but a turn in the road hid them from view, and they did not follow farther. The sight was a novel one, even for war times—seven Confederates driving sixty-nine armed Federals before them as prisoners. Duke, with a company was soon met, coming to ascertain the situation of his little squad. He was profuse in his compliments to his men for their achievement. The Federals were Michiganders, and the lieutenant's name was Clarke. In his history of “Morgan and his Men,” Duke briefly refers to the affair, but does not give the names of the participants. He uses this language: “*This exploit was, perhaps, never paralleled during the war.*” The facts were reported to General Morgan, and each of the seven men—privates at that time—were soon afterwards commissioned as officers for “gallantry.” These gallant troopers deserve to have their names enrolled in the future history of the mighty struggle.

J. H. CARTER,
Late Captain in Morgan's Command.

Letter from a Virginia Lady to the Federal Commander at Winchester.

By Mrs. Dr. R. C. RANDOLPH.

[The following letter, written in the winter of 1863-4, by a lady residing in Clarke county, explains itself and gives a vivid picture of life in that region during the period of which it speaks. If it had been written some months later when Sheridan was carrying out his wicked threat to "make the Shenandoah Valley such a waste that a crow flying over would be compelled to carry his own rations," there would have been a still more vivid story of outrage and oppression; but that chapter will yet be written.]

The officer in command the 26th of October may remember the capture of young Thomas Randolph at his father's house. On the Wednesday following, a part of the same command returned by this route, parties from which were visiting the yard and house for some time after the head of the column had gone by. At first their wants were supplied, so far as our present restrictions enabled us to do it; but while handing the "cup of cold water" to some, who, if not politely, at least not rudely requested it, more came into the porch, and turning to one, I asked if he wanted water. "I don't want no water," was the coarse reply. I said there was no more bread, &c., to offer. The same absence of all courtesy was shown in his second reply—"I don't want no bread." Well, what do you want? "A shot-gun, and I mean to have it." With a countenance, tone and manner indicating that he "neither feared God or regarded man," the sacredness of woman, her delicacy, her helplessness, were thoughts which never seemed to have entered a mind and heart so brutal. She would meet with no respect. Unaccustomed as we are to contact with persons of that stamp, with nerves unstrung by the trials and anxieties of the preceding days, and foreseeing that *this* was *but* the beginning, our fears were very evident, and some who seemed to possess the feelings of humanity tried to quiet them, but said they were powerless and could do nothing. Into the house these ruffians came, searched every room; took mattresses and beds from their steads, searched trunks, boxes, wardrobes, bureaus and closets, appropriating whatever suited their fancy—the winter wrappings of Dr. Randolph and my little son, coats, pantaloons (new black broad-cloth), knives, candlesticks, &c. Knowing the war that these valiant men have ever waged with *colors* and buttons, the gray clothes had been placed by a female member of the family without my know-

ledge between my bed and mattress. For this I was called to account. If every button were a shell, and the poor gray material so much gunpowder to which we intended applying a match in their presence, more indignation could not be expressed, than has ever been by them, at the criminality of any one who should dare to have under his roof these instruments of so much evil.

This set had hardly left before another, to whom they had showed their booty, returned and followed in the steps of their worthy predecessors. At last roused from my feeling of helplessness, I determined to follow, and seeing one more blind to the right and more determined to do the wrong, I asked his comrades, "Do you know whether this man ever had a mother or sisters, or have any of you ever had them?" The allusion to these holy relations caused him to leave very abruptly, and the others followed, after making such appropriations as pleased each one.

I had determined not to mention these most unpleasant circumstances, but on the return of the expedition on Monday evening following, "Coles" men (now almost as distinguished as Geary's or Pope's, &c.) called and were again supplied with food; but they insisted on searching the house—"we had Government property." A mind of the most ordinary perception might believe that the Confederate Government would not make this insecure place a depot either for clothing or arms, and after the experience of the last fortnight no Rebel would seek rest or protection here, where it failed in being a sanctuary for our own sons, who have only once before visited home and loved ones, while the country was occupied by Federal troops. Nevertheless the search was made, and you know not how contemptible it appears to see men in the garb of soldiers searching chambers, closets, garrets and cellars for those trophies which *brave* men find elsewhere. As an excuse we are taunted with what "the Southern army did in Pennsylvania," when for *two years* Virginia, in all her frontier, has been *invaded and desolated*.

May I tell occurrences upon this place before Lee's army had ever left Virginia soil? I will take it for granted that you are courteous and generous, and will therefore reply as though I had received permission. I will not go back to the horrors of Blenker's passage through this neighborhood, but will confine myself to the last spring and previous winter, and will merely touch upon such things as the searching of Dr. Randolph's person and vehicle; his being met, when performing the duties of his profession, ordered

to dismount and give up his horse, and his refusal being met by curses and threats to "shoot" or "cut off his head" (both pistol and sabre were ready for the execution of these threats); of a Sab-bath's visit of the drunken soldiery to the neighboring houses, one of them shaking his fist in the face of a niece and cursing her. Prompt information of this was given to Colonel McReynolds, and to his honor be it spoken that though this occurred early in the spring, and they remained until June, there was no repetition of the offence.

I wish I could speak as honorably of our viceroy in Winchester. Three weeks previous to his departure, on Monday, just as the duties and peaceful avocations of the week were about to commence, a large party of cavalry and infantry arrived with a train of wagons the keys of our barn were demanded and we had to *endure* their presence for six hours, and on their departure the taking off of sixteen wagon loads of wheat and a buggy and horse, in which two young ladies had called to pay a visit. For neither the wheat nor vehicle was any remuneration ever offered. The following Wednesday they returned, demanded the cornhouse key, took all except a very small portion, not a sufficiency for the use of the family, and drove off all of our cattle, oxen and sheep (my little daughter begged for her cow and was graciously given that and another). The air resounded with the cries of the poor creatures until beyond our hearing.

We were told by many that the determination of these ruffians was to burn our house on the following Friday. Nothing was removed, and we quietly waited the execution of a deed which would cast so *much glory* upon the Federal army. But a few undisturbed days were granted us. On the succeeding Monday several armed men were sent from a larger party to take a saddle, the last remaining. This was achieved; but I can give no idea of the malignity and threats of their leader, who had been appealed to. Until the following Wednesday week some of our neighbors shared these persecutions. On the evening of that day, as night closed in, a hundred infantry and cavalry and four wagons—loaded with "contrabands"—collected from the neighborhood arrived and remained fifteen hours! Six officers lodged in our house and eat at our table; immediately on rising from which, the captain, without even an Indian's sense of honor, commenced the work of spoliation by appropriating a handsome pair of spurs, telling his host he would not protect his property, and giving his men permission to take

whatever they could lay their hands on. I will not attempt a description of the scene—their rudeness, their profanity, their entire want of principle, and our indescribable disgust while they were here, or relief when they departed. It is disagreeable and irksome to recall these brutalities, but very right that officers having the feelings of gentlemen should be acquainted with them. Our persecutions would not then have ended had it not been for the sudden appearance of the Confederate army on the next Saturday, the day appointed for another visitation; and no other reason was ever given for the above course except that we did not forswear country, friends, conscience and the truth itself. It is written, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." This is not only an assertion of Holy Writ, and therefore to be believed, but our own experience has proved its truth. With such experience, we may safely leave vengeance with Him to whom it belongeth.

February 24th, 1864—This, sir, is a copy of a letter written to the officer then in command, but laid aside because, probably, our persecutions had ceased, and if so I was willing to "forgive," if I could not forget, the past; but after numberless calls for food, sixty of them came with great secrecy on the night of the 16th of January. Very abruptly, one stood, with pistol pointed before the dining-room door, and inquired for "menfolks." Seeing our small and unsuspecting party, however, he withdrew. The door was very naturally immediately locked, but several succeeded him in inquiring for milk and keys, with which they were furnished; notwithstanding they broke *every* lock to which they had access; fed their horses, and took meat from the very small quantity we now have left for our family and those who depend upon us for their supplies; broke the glasses from the carriage windows; took every instrument the Doctor had—both for teeth and amputation; went into the house of our dining-room servant, whose wife, having moved to Lynchburg, he had followed—though, not knowing when he might return, everything remained as he left it; both Dr. Randolph and myself would have felt ourselves lowered and degraded by looking into or interfering with his little possessions—not so *these philanthropists*. They broke into his presses and wardrobe, and what they could not carry off was destroyed. It was completely desolated when (just as the day was dawning) we went round to see the work of destruction. You may judge how we (two ladies and two children) passed this night of terrors. Seve-

ral of the soldiers, if not all, were intoxicated, and the officer could not be found. On the following Saturday a large body passed, and three preceded them; examined the stables, and left before the others came up, who, much to our relief, were not permitted to come in. The three still kept some distance in front; met a physician of our neighborhood; asked if he were armed; told him to throw open his coat, and then one with his pistol ready to fire, and another ready to strike, demanded his watch. He told them there was no use in his resisting three armed men, and they took it, of course—a handsome gold watch, with a hunting scene engraved on each side of the case. After taking it, they refused to let him go in the direction of the officers and force approaching; and we hope this highway robbery would not be sanctioned by those in authority, though there are many proofs to the contrary. For the sake of civilization and humanity, I wish I could say my sketches are ended; but about dusk yesterday evening an alarm was given that Federal soldiers were approaching. Though not afraid, more nervous or disagreeable sensations could scarcely be felt had they been really savages. As usual, every door and shutter were closed; but they again passed on, and we, hoping they would return another way, dismissed our uncomfortable anticipations, and after awhile my mother and my two children began their employments, while I read aloud. About half-past eight heavy steps were heard approaching the house, and the clanking of swords aroused every slumbering nerve. Down the porch they came, to the door near my chamber, where we were sitting. Admittance was immediately demanded, and on asking who was there, the reply was, "Soldiers! Open the door!" When it was opened, we were confronted by sixteen or eighteen armed men, their leader having as much audacity in his countenance as in his language and manner. "I want something for these men to eat, and I want it directly," with an effort to get in; but the entry was small, and we were all against the door, so that room for ingress could not be gained without actual force. "Is there an officer?" I asked. "Yes." "Where?" "Here, I am one." "Well," I replied, "I wish when these expeditions do come out they would send a *gentleman* along." This was most cutting, and continued to be throughout the visit, though it evidently restrained. Resenting the insinuation, acting very unlike a gentleman, but unwilling not to be thought one, he quickly asked, "Do you mean to insult anybody?" "Do you mean to come into a lady's chamber?" was the response, and feeling the

inconsistency of such conduct with the character to which he aspired, he turned to the direction indicated; seemed glad to get to the dining-room fire, and called for ham, milk, tumblers, &c. Finding the men who acted more civilly were really cold, I had the fire made up, and about ten, after having warmed and eaten, they left—their *effort* to be quiet and gentlemanly being highly appreciated, and we felt thankful to that Being who can shut the mouths of lions. They left the impression, from all we could observe, that Dr. Randolph was the object of pursuit, and we told them without hesitation that he had not returned; that he was visiting his children; and of this I had spoken in all my letters to my son on Johnson's island—never supposing it punishable or criminal to gratify those yearnings natural to all—to behold the faces and enjoy the society of those we love. His visit was not political, but paternal, and in punishing another for the gratification of these affections, that gracious Being is arraigned who planted them in our hearts.

Having finished my long recital, perhaps as disagreeable to me to write as to you to read—certainly more disagreeable to experience—I ask if *no protection* can be afforded the dwellers upon the roads over which these expeditions pass? Cannot officers, who are not only officers, but *gentlemen*, be appointed to the van, centre and rear, whose duty it shall be to control and report the conduct of the men and subordinate officers? There are few who have not in their hearts and memories some tender mother, sister, wife or daughter, and I presume you have one or more of these sacred ties. Oh! sir, call up those memories; place them under such circumstances, and let them plead for some protection and respect, *even for those* who cannot, as I have said, forswear country and friends, conscience and truth. In this address, I have laid aside party, and, as a helpless woman, have presented my cause and the cause of my countrywomen to *manhood*, in its strength and power—may I not hope in its *nobility* and *generosity*?

February 25th, 1864—Long as my narrative is already, it seems there is little probability of its termination, if I continue a recital of Federal visitations and depredations, which I will do, that you may have the opportunity of rectifying abuses and justifying yourself. Our Sabbaths are so often desecrated, that we have not the privilege of carrying the whole family to the sanctuary of God. On the last my mother remained at home, and after a walk of two miles we were informed that the houses of our neighbors were

being searched, and knowing that in the dispensation of such favors we were seldom neglected, a rapid return was effected, but the visit had been paid with *only* the loss of three barrels of corn and two turkeys. My mother, fearing it would all be taken, remonstrated with the officer, and requested his name, as his manner was very rude. Upon his declining to give it she remarked, "Ashamed of your name! I am not ashamed of mine, but am very willing to tell it to any one." This slight thrust with the small sword of sarcasm, wounded him so severely, that on the following Tuesday a large scouting party was sent out who called, *took a horse*, and pressed on. In the evening, while we were sitting with a party of friends, a body of cavalry rode up and halted in front of the house. Another and another addition was made. "Surely they had come to meet a foe worthy of their steel." Into the meadow they rode and performed some evolutions; still mystery attended them, until four wagons drove into the lane. Their purpose was then easily understood. The very small supply of corn we had under existing circumstances raised and housed was carried off, the three remaining horses (one of them they returned for old, blind and lame, lest we should inform the Rebels), fifteen turkeys, and nearly all the fowls belonging to our servants. All were excessively hungry; and while the abundance of the North and the wants of the South are flaunted before the public—while we are robbed of that on which we depend for subsistence, and forbidden even to make an honest purchase of necessities, except under certain circumstances—food is demanded of us wherewith to feed these soldiers of the prosperous North, and it is always given if we have it. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," is a divine command. The scene was not a pleasant one, and many wonder how we are supported under such a constant succession of trials. I trust the strength we receive is from above. When they were catching the horses, one old and a pet, I flurled my handkerchief in his face, and made other attempts to frighten him beyond the reach of his persecutors, one of whom said, "Put down that handkerchief—jerk it out of her hand!" After they succeeded in taking him, I remarked that they were brave men—two hundred soldiers brought out to a solitary farm-house, to interrupt the quiet and innocent employments of the family, and deprive them of the little which former rapacity had left. Information was called for respecting the movements of the Rebels, which would not have been given had I been in possession of it, hoping

I shall never descend to the position of an informant. They then spoke of several having passed here. I replied that I did not consider myself responsible for those who traveled our public roads, or traversed the paths of our plantations; but it would be tedious to enter into the particulars of this and many other experiences.

During the revolution of '76, my grandfather, a colonel in the army, being with his command, my grandmother was visited at her country place by a party of Hessians. Her children were sent into the woods for safety, while she remained to give the slight protection of her presence to her house and property. While the work of destruction was progressing, one of the ruffians observed to her, "Where is your Rebel husband, madam?" "Where he ought to be, sir, fighting for his country," was the brave and patriotic reply—one which has gained for her a name among the matrons of that day, and for more than one of her descendants some public favor. I listened to it in my childhood as to a legend of romance, not dreaming amid the security of that far-off time that such days would ever return again. But numberless are the incidents of this present time laid up in faithful memories—as numberless are the pens ready to record them! And for the sake of reputation, had I no higher motive, were I an officer, either Confederate or Federal, I would sanction no such expeditions. The desolations at Brandon are doubtless now presented in every European paper. How many of humbler name, more limited improvements and narrower boundary, are now deserted from the same cause by their homeless and impoverished owners, and as I told one of the soldiers on Tuesday, I believed that those homes in the North, now so secure and unsympathizing, will meet with similar visitations. I cannot say how, when or by whom. Retributive justice is in other hands.

It is said special care is taken to select the property of gentlemen, with the view of lowering their estimation of themselves and humbling them in the eyes of their fellow-men. They who have this object know little of the nature and character of those who are really ladies and gentlemen—not such as are formed by wealth, pride and the grimaces of fashion—but a combination of intelligence, education and refinement of higher principles, gentle independence and modest ease—a stamp which can neither be purchased by wealth, imitated by fashion, nor effaced by malice and envy, and so legible as to be recognized by all.

I am not often openly thus warm in my defence of this patrician position, not wishing those over whom I have influence to value

themselves upon anything which passes away with the present life, but to form a yet higher standard—one which the pages of God's Holy Word presents for our example; still, when it has become praise-worthy to decry that which certainly has its value, and all would have if they could, I cannot remain entirely silent.

Hoping I may have no cause for adding another page to this already very long letter, I will now subscribe myself,

Very respectfully,

MRS. DR. R. C. RANDOLPH.

Gettysburg.

Report of Brigadier-General George H. Stuart.

HEADQUARTERS STEUART'S BRIGADE, September 2, 1863.

Captain R. W. HUNTER,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Johnson's Division :

Captain—I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of Gettysburg. We reached the battlefield of July 1st toward evening of that day, and marching through a part of the town and along the Gettysburg and York railroad, formed line of battle to the northeast, our front facing the south and our left wing in a skirt of woods. The Fourth and Second brigades were on our right, the "Stonewall" on our left. We slept on our arms that night.

At about 3 o'clock P. M. the following day the enemy's and our own batteries opened fire, and the shelling was very heavy for several hours; the brigade, however, suffered but little, being protected by the woods and behind rising ground. Our pickets, which had been stationed three hundred yards in front of our line the night previous, were relieved at about five o'clock by four companies of skirmishers from the Twenty-third Virginia, and shortly afterward the brigade was formed in line of battle and moved forward.

The hill where the enemy was strongly entrenched and from which we were ordered to drive him lay in a southwesterly direction from our position, and accordingly our left wing was obliged to swing around by a right half wheel, and the brigade thus formed front toward the west by south.

The enemy's skirmishers fell back rapidly as we advanced

through the fields and across Rock creek, they suffering slightly and inflicting little or no injury.

The right wing of the brigade crossed the creek considerably in advance of the centre and left wing, owing to the fact that the order to move by a right half wheel was not immediately understood on the left, and also to the greater number of natural obstacles to be overcome by that part of the brigade.

The slope of the hill above referred to, at the point where the brigade crossed the creek, commences about fifty feet from the bank, and being thickly wooded the charge of our right wing was made under great disadvantages. The Third North Carolina and First Maryland, which were now entirely separated from the rest of the brigade, advanced up the hill, however, steadily towards the enemy's breastworks, the enemy falling slowly back. Our loss was heavy, the fire being terrific and in part a cross fire.

The order was now given by the Major-General Commanding to advance on our left wing as rapidly and as steadily as possible, which was done as soon as the regiments composing it could be hurried across the creek.

The left of the brigade now rested very near one line of the enemy's breastworks, which extended up the hill at right angles to the creek and then parallel with it on the summit. The enemy's attention being called more especially to our right, this fortification was not occupied in force. The Twenty-third Virginia, accordingly, under Lieutenant-Colonel Walton, immediately charged the work and scattered the enemy which was behind it.

This regiment then filed to the right until it reached the portion of the breastworks which was at right angles to the part first captured.

Forming in line on the flank and almost in rear of the enemy there stationed, it opened fire upon them, killing, wounding and capturing quite a number.

The Thirty-seventh and Tenth Virginia and First Maryland then came to the assistance of the Twenty-third Virginia and fully occupied the works.

The Third North Carolina still maintained its former exposed position, although its ammunition was nearly exhausted, notwithstanding the fact that the men had sought to replenish their cartridge-boxes from those of the wounded and dead.

The First North Carolina, which had been kept in reserve, was at this crisis led by Lieutenant McKim to its support. The bri-

gade, with the exception of the two North Carolina regiments, was then formed in line of battle between the captured breastwork and a stone wall on the left of and parallel to it, from which position it was enabled to open a cross fire upon the enemy, doing considerable execution. More, however, might have been done had not the impression at this time prevailed that we were firing upon our friends, and the fire been discontinued at intervals.

To ascertain the true state of the case, the Tenth Virginia, under Colonel Warren (which was on our extreme left and had formed a line at and perpendicular to the stone wall above referred to), changed front forward to the wall and then moved by the left flank along it, until it was supposed the regiment had gained the enemy's rear, when it opened fire and drove that part of the enemy's line back.

Finding, however, the enemy in its own rear, as evinced by their fire, the regiment was compelled to change front to the rear and perpendicular to the wall, from behind which it repulsed a bayonet charge made by a regiment of the enemy, which emerged from a wood on the left of the stone wall.

The enemy not renewing the attack, the brigade was ordered back to the works, where it was formed in line of battle, the First Maryland on the right and Tenth Virginia on the left; the North Carolina regiments still remaining outside the breastworks. This reconnoissance, as well as the reports of scouts and the statements of prisoners, gave us the assurance that we had gained an admirable position.

We had been but a short time behind the breastworks when at least two regiments advanced from the wood to the left of the works and opened fire upon us, but they were soon driven back.

The prisoners and wounded were sent a little to the rear, and our sufferers received such attention as could be given them by Dr. Snowden, Assistant Surgeon of the Maryland battalion.

The whole command rested from about 11 P. M. till about daylight, when the enemy opened a terrific fire of artillery and a very heavy fire of musketry upon us, occasioning no loss to the brigade, except to the First Maryland and Third North Carolina, which in part alternated positions behind the breastworks.

The First North Carolina, with the exception of four companies, which had been stationed as a picket on the other side of the creek, was at this time formed to the left of the brigade. At about 10 o'clock A. M. the Tenth Virginia was ordered to deploy as skir-

mishers and clear the wood on our left of the enemy's skirmishers. This was done, and the enemy was discovered in the woods, drawn up in line of battle, at not over three hundred yards from the west of the stone wall. The brigade then formed in line of battle at right angles to the breastwork—in the following order: Third North Carolina, First Maryland, Thirty-seventh Virginia, Twenty-third Virginia, First North Carolina—and charged towards the enemy's second breastworks, partly through an open field and partly through a wood, exposed to a very heavy fire of artillery and musketry, the latter in part a cross fire.

The left of the brigade was the most exposed at first, and did maintain its position in line of battle. The right thus in advance suffered very severely, and, being unsupported, wavered, and the whole line fell back, but in good order.

The enemy's position was impregnable attacked by our small force, and any further effort to storm it would have been futile and attended with great disaster, if not total annihilation.

The brigade rallied quickly behind rocks and reformed behind the stone wall which ran parallel to the breastworks, where it remained about an hour exposed to a fire of artillery and infantry more terrific than any experienced during the day, although less disastrous.

Ultimately, in accordance with orders from the Major-General Commanding, the brigade fell back to the creek, where it remained the rest of the day, nearly half of it being deployed as skirmishers. During the night the enemy advanced their line some distance beyond the breastworks, but were driven back to them again. Toward midnight the brigade, with the rest of the division, recrossed the creek, and passing to the rear of the town, occupied and entrenched itself on the crest of the hill where the enemy had been posted on the first day of the engagement.

It affords me the greatest pleasure to say that the officers and men of the brigade, with a few exceptions of the latter, conducted themselves most gallantly, and bore the fatigue and privations of several days in a soldierlike manner. The commanding officer of the different regiments of the brigade—Colonel Warren, Tenth Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel Walton, Twenty-third Virginia; Major Wood, Thirty-seventh Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, First North Carolina; Major Parsley, Third North Carolina, and Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, First Maryland battalion, who was dangerously wounded the evening of the 2d; his successor, Major

Goldsborough, also severely wounded next morning, and Captain J. P. Crane, upon whom the command of the battalion finally devolved—handled their regiments with great skill and manifested the utmost coolness.

The following officers and non-commissioned officers are mentioned in the regimental reports as deserving of great praise for their coolness and bravery:

Adjutant T. C. James, Third North Carolina, dangerously wounded; Lieutenant R. N. Lyon, Company H, Third North Carolina; Lieutenant R. P. Jennings, Company E, Twenty-Third Virginia; Sergeant Thomas J. Betterton, Company "A," Thirty-seventh Virginia, who took a stand of colors and was severely wounded.

To the officers serving on my staff—Captain George Williamson, Assistant Adjutant-General, and First Lieutenant R. H. McKim, Aid-de-Camp, whose duties kept them constantly with the brigade; Major George A. Kyle, Confederate State Maryland troops, who was always with me when his other duties will allow, and Mr. John H. Boyle, Volunteer Aid—I am greatly indebted for valuable assistance rendered, and of whose gallant bearing I cannot too highly make mention.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE H. STEUART,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Report of General Alfred Iverson.

CAMP NEAR DARKESVILLE, July 17, 1863.

Major H. A. WHITING, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

I have the honor to report that upon arriving in the vicinity of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where a fight was progressing between the corps of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill and the enemy on the morning of July 1st, 1863, my brigade, being in the advance of Major-General R. E. Rodes' division, was ordered by him to form line of battle and advance towards the firing at Gettysburg.

This advance brought my brigade across a wooded height overlooking the plain and the town of Gettysburg. General Rodes here took upon himself the direction of the brigade and moved it by the right flank, changing at the same time the direction of the

line of battle. Masses of the enemy being observed on the plain in front, General Rodes ordered a halt until artillery could be brought to play upon them.

During the cannonading that ensued, my brigade was in support of the battery, and having received instructions from General Rodes to advance gradually to the support of a battery he intended placing in front, and not understanding the exact time at which the advance was to take place, I dispatched a staff officer to him to learn at what time I was to move forward, and received instructions not to move until my skirmishers became hotly engaged. Shortly afterwards, however, I received an order from him to advance to meet the enemy, who were approaching to take the battery; to call upon Brigadier-General Daniel for support; that Colonel O'Neal's Alabama brigade would advance on my left, and the batteries would cease firing as I passed them. I immediately dispatched a staff officer to inform Brigadier-General Daniel that I was about to advance, and one to notify my regiments and to observe when the brigade on my left commenced to move.

Learning that the Alabama brigade on my left was moving, I advanced at once and soon came in contact with the enemy, strongly posted in woods and behind a concealed stone wall. My brigade advanced to within one hundred yards and a most desperate fight took place. I observed a gap on my left, but presumed it would soon be filled by the advancing Alabama brigade under Colonel O'Neal. Brigadier-General Daniel came up to my position and I asked him for immediate support, as I was attacking a strong position. He promised to send me a large regiment, which I informed him would be enough, as the Third Alabama regiment was then moving down on my right, and I then supposed was sent to my support. At the same time I pointed out to General Daniel a large force of the enemy, who were about to outflank my right, and asked him to take care of them. He moved past my position and engaged the enemy some distance to my right, but the regiment he had promised me, and which I had asked him to forward to the position at which I stood, and when I was being pressed most heavily, did not report to me at all. I again sent Captain D. P. Halsey, Assistant Adjutant-General, to ask General Daniel for aid, who informed me that he met his staff officer and was told that one regiment had been sent and no more could be spared. I then found that this regiment had formed on the right of the Third Alabama, which was on my right and could not be used in time to

save my brigade, for Colonel O'Neal's Alabama brigade had in the meantime advanced on my left and been almost instantaneously driven back, upon which the enemy, being relieved from pressure, charged in overwhelming force upon and captured nearly all that were left unhurt in this regiment of my brigade. When I saw white handkerchiefs raised and my line of battle still lying in position, I characterized the surrender as disgraceful, but when I found afterwards that five hundred of my men were left lying dead and wounded on a line as straight as at dress parade, I exonerated, with one or two disgraceful individual exceptions, the survivors, and claim for the brigade that they nobly fought and died without a man running to the rear.

No greater gallantry and heroism has been displayed during this war. I endeavored, during the confusion among the enemy incident to the charge and capture of my men, to make a charge with my remaining regiment and the Third Alabama, but in the noise and excitement I presume my voice could not be heard.

The fighting here ceased upon my part. The Twelfth North Carolina still retaining its position until Brigadier-General Ramseur coming up, I pointed out the position of the enemy to him, and as soon as I observed his troops about to flank the enemy, I advanced the Twelfth North Carolina and fragments of the other regiments (which Captain D. P. Halsey had already prepared for a forward movement) into the woods overlooking the town and took possession of them. Going out to the front to stop General Ramseur's men from firing into mine who were in their front, I observed that the enemy were retreating along the railroad, and immediately hastened the Twelfth North Carolina forward to cut them off. The Fifty-third North Carolina regiment, of General Daniel's brigade, joined in the pursuit, and the Twelfth and Fifty-third North Carolina were the first to reach the railroad along which the enemy were retreating. Numberless prisoners were cut off by us, but I would not permit my men to take them to the rear, as I considered them safe. Arriving in the town, and having but very few troops left, I informed Brigadier-General Ramseur that I would attach them to his brigade and act in concert with him, and we formed on the street facing the heights beyond Gettysburg occupied by the enemy, where we remained till the night of July 2d, when I was informed by General Ramseur that a night attack was ordered upon the position of the enemy to the right of the town. I had received no instructions, and perceiving that General Ramseur was acquainted

with the intentions of the Major-General commanding the division, I raised no question of rank, but conformed the movements of my brigade to that of Brigadier-General Ramseur, advanced with him, got under the fire of the enemy's skirmishers and artillery without returning the fire, and perceiving, as I believe every one did, that we were advancing to certain destruction, when other parts of the line fell back, I also gave the order to retreat and formed in the road, in which we maintained a position during that night and the whole of the 3d day of July, while the fight of that day was progressing, and from which we fell back about 3 o'clock A. M. of July 4th to the ridge near the Theological Seminary. From this position I was moved about 2 P. M. same day to escort the wagon train on the Fairfield road. I inclose herewith a list of casualties.

To the officers and men of the brigade, great credit is due for the great bravery with which they sustained the position to which they were ordered to advance. Captain D. P. Halsey, Assistant Adjutant-General, was very conspicuous throughout the day for his distinguished gallantry and energy.

Lieutenant Colonel H. E. Coleman, Volunteer Aid, and Lieutenant J. T. Ector, Aid-de-Camp, were also especially zealous and brave in the discharge of the duties I called upon them to perform. Much credit is due the brave Captain B. E. Robinson, Fifth North Carolina, for the manner in which he handled his corps of sharpshooters. I cannot fail to commend the officers and men of the Twelfth North Carolina for the steady retention of their position, and for their bold advance without support into the woods occupied by the enemy.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

ALFRED IVERSON, *Brigadier-General.*

Reminiscences of Jackson's Infantry ("Foot Cavalry").

By Colonel JOHN M. PATTON.

At the banquet of the Army of Northern Virginia, October 29th, 1879, Colonel John M. Patton was called upon to respond to the following toast:

"The Infantry—Though often half fed and half clad, they did their whole duty. We can never forget their heroic tread on the march, their bravery in battle, and the wild yell of enthusiasm and devotion which often sent dismay to the lines of the enemy."

He spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman—It would be a vain and presumptuous task were I, on this occasion, to essay an eulogy on the "half fed and half clad" infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia. They have written their own eulogy in imperishable lines on every sod of every battlefield of Virginia. That eulogy has been heard in the princely halls of imperial courts, and it has been rehearsed with pride around the camp-fires of every army, great and small, throughout the world. It has been piped to the four quarters of the earth by the winds that contend for mastery in the passes of the Alps and the Appenines, the Himalayas and the Andes, and it has been murmured as a requiem by the gentle breezes that blow at their base. It has thrilled the hearts of the brave wherever self-sacrificing devotion to duty is cherished, and it has heaved with emotion the gentle breast of woman, and dimmed with sympathetic tears the bright glances of her eyes. It has found an echo in the pathless desert around the tents of the wandering Arab, and it has even penetrated as a household tale into the most secret recesses of the zenanas of the east and the harems of the Turk. Indeed, Mr. Chairman, the infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia, in common with their comrades of the other arms of the service, may well adopt the language of the heroic son of Venus—the princely warrior who led the shattered remnants of the Trojan hosts from smitten Troy and their desolated homes to found imperial dominion in distant lands—

. . . Quis jam locus . . .
Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

Instead of attempting such an eulogy, therefore, I will, with your permission, Mr. Chairman, narrate an incident which fell under my own observation, one like so many which are familiar to us all, and illustrative, as I think, of the tone and temper of the brave hearts that beat beneath the ragged jackets of gray—gray only for a time, and then stained with every hue from cloud and storm, from rain and sunshine, from the dust of the march and from the patriot blood that flowed through diminished veins from honorable wounds.

In May, 1862, just after the battle of McDowell, the army of the immortal Jackson lay near Harrisonburg in the Valley of Virginia, while the magnificently equipped army of the enemy, commanded by General Banks, was entrenched at Strasburg, meditating a further advance, while harassing and humiliating the noble people of the Valley in their rear. In order to dislodge him, or, if possible, to get in his rear at Middletown, by way of the Page Valley, and destroy him, Jackson ordered his army to cook three days' rations, and to be placed in light marching order. The next morning at dawn the march commenced—no man but Jackson knowing whither. The troops were accustomed to severe marches, but this was a most trying one. All day long they pushed forward under a broiling sun—unusual at that season—and with a dense and stifling dust.

Men frequently staggered from the ranks overcome by the heat, and many, footsore and weary, were left behind. The second night, about 9 P. M., after a very severe march, we encamped at Front Royal—the leading regiment having “gobbled up,” as the soldiers called it, one of Banks’ outlying regiments stationed at that point—about twelve miles from his left-rear.

Thus far the movement had been entirely masked by the cavalry. Early the next morning the march was directed again towards the Valley turnpike, and the troops, sore and limping, were yet pressed forward with vigor, in the hope of cutting Banks off from his line of retreat and crushing his army demoralized by such a calamity. By some means he got information about this time which induced him to retreat towards Winchester, but not early enough to prevent the advance of Jackson’s army from cutting his rear in two at Middletown and capturing and dispersing it. Then commenced that hot pursuit of the main body of the flying enemy—seeking by two roads a refuge behind his entrenchments at Winchester. Jackson’s immortal fame had then only begun to bud, and he was habitually severely criticised both by officers and men. Thus far the brigade to which my own regiment (the Twenty-first Virginia) belonged had not “pulled a trigger.” The well known Company “F,” of Richmond, was on the right of the regiment. As the men limped along with weary limbs and feet throbbing with pain, on what seemed to them an aimless march, I heard them denouncing Jackson in unmeasured terms for “marching them to death to no good end.” It was my duty no doubt to have rebuked these manifestations of insubordination, but, feeling that their sufferings in some measure condoned their offence, I took no notice of the breach of discipline. Presently there appeared at every point where county-roads, bridle-roads or foot-paths entered the great Valley road, as if they had sprung from the earth, the venerable fathers and mothers, and wives, and little boys and girls of that heroic Valley—all the able-bodied men were in the army—wild with the joy of a delivered people, their hair dishevelled, their features convulsed, their voices hoarse with exultant shouts, their arms loaded with pies and biscuits, and buttered bread and buttermilk, and their lips and eyes raining down blessings and tears commingled with the gifts gleaned from their scanty stores and heaped upon those brave, hungry boys as they rushed by. For a while my murmurers were dumb with mingled emotions, and then I heard them say, with broken voices and streaming eyes, lit with the light of battle, while they raised their heads and with quickened steps *stamped* beneath them the pain of their weary limbs and aching feet, “Ah! boys, we can go anywhere with him now, we can follow him into the ‘mouth of hell.’” I could not help it—unbidden tears burst from my eyes in response to the diamond drops that fell from those gallant cheeks.

All that night that entire army—pain and weariness forgotten—pressed on, with a zeal renewed and inflamed by those touching sights, through burning wagons and pontoons and through repeated

night ambuscades, fought and won the battle of Winchester at early morning, pursued the enemy through that noble little city, where similar wayside scenes were exhibited by gentle and tender women, regardless of the running fight going on in the streets where they were, left the city behind them and went into bivouac six miles beyond after twenty-seven consecutive hours of marching and fighting. Jackson afterwards called on them repeatedly for almost incredible efforts. During the same campaign he demanded of a portion of them thirty-five consecutive hours of marching and fighting, including two pitched battles; but from the time of that pathetic march down the Valley, no murmur was heard in his command. Ever afterwards, to the bitter end—even when incorporated with that grand Army of Northern Virginia under the immortal chief to whom they equally with Jackson looked up with reverence—they felt unshaken confidence in their corps commander. If at any time the thin ranks on their right or their left or in their own line were broken by overwhelming numbers, they would comfort one another with the words, "never mind, boys, *old Stonewall* is here."

Mr. Chairman, in the army of Italy there once fell a soldier of the ranks, fighting grandly beneath the eye of his General—afterwards the imperial master of Europe. Next morning orders came from headquarters that henceforth forever, when the roll of his regiment shall be called, the name of that fallen hero should be called among them, and that the answer should come back from the ranks—"Dead upon the field of glory." Oh, Mr. Chairman! Oh, God! if a solemn roll-call could be had this night of the regiment to which belonged the gallant boys of whom I have told you and of the many other regiments in which marched their comrades in peril and in trial, the answer would come back from the ranks in the great majority of cases, "Dead upon the field of glory."

One night there lay in the outer trenches, confronting a dark redan, "brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, and from the banks of Shannon," who "sang of Annie Laurie." Next day they married immortality, and the music of their bridal march was the deep roar of the artillery and the sharp crash and rattle of the rifles and the musketry. These men illustrated for the thousandth time, Mr. Chairman, not more than the dear boys of whom I have told you, the precious truth that "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

Editorial Paragraphs.

WANT OF SPACE compels us to omit several things we had written and were rather anxious to publish this month, and like the famous writer who begun his description of "Snakes in Ireland," by saying "*there are no snakes in Ireland*," we must gratify our readers by having no "Editorial Paragraphs" this month.

Literary Notices.

The Army of Virginia, from Cedar Mountain to Alexandria, 1862. By Brevet Major-General George H. Gordon, U. S. Volunteers. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art, which in paper, type and binding is what we may expect from the famous "Riverside Press."

We have read every page of the book with deep interest, and (reserving for the future a full review) we do not hesitate to say that it is in the main an able, candid, remarkably fair, and very valuable contribution to the history of the campaign of which it treats. General Gordon has diligently studied both the Federal and the Confederate official reports, and all other means of information accessible to him; has made skillful use of his material, and has produced, in many respects, a model book. His tribute to "Stonewall" Jackson, who was his classmate at West Point, is very beautiful. His acknowledgment of the ability of Lee, and others of his subordinates, and his tribute to the splendid fighting qualities of the Army of Northern Virginia, are very handsomely done, and we "take off our hat" to the gallant soldier who could see these qualities in "Rebels," and has had the moral courage to publish his convictions.

His criticisms of our especial *pets*—General John Pope, General Halleck, and General Milroy—are as scathingly severe as they are fully sustained by the facts.

He very ably defends General McClellan from charges made against him in connection with Pope's disasters, and makes a most triumphant vindication of General Fitz. John Porter from the charges under which that gallant soldier has suffered for these long years. And now we must regret that so good a book should be marred by some very serious blemishes, which our space does not allow us now to point out, but to which we shall hereafter fully pay our respects.

We hold ourselves prepared to show that in his treatment of the relative numbers of the two armies he has fallen into the almost universal error of Northern writers in underestimating Federal and exaggerating Confederate numbers; that in his attacks on General J. E. B. Stuart he is as unjust as he is bitter; that in his vivid description of Ewell's "precipitate flight"

from Bristoe station he has been grossly imposed on by some "romancer"; that in his patriotic outburst against the "damnable conspiracies for the overthrow of the Government," which were wont to be hatched at Warrenton Sulphur Springs by "the Lees, the Hamptons" and others, he allows the zeal of the partisan to blind the judgment of the historian; and that in other statements he has been misled.

"Advance and Retreat." By Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood. New Orleans: Published by General G. T. Beauregard, for the benefit of the "*Hood Orphan Memorial Fund*."

We have just received this book, and must reserve a notice for our next number. But we may say now that these "personal experiences in the United States and Confederate States armies," by the chivalric and lamented Hood, cannot but be of deep interest; that his side of the story, however men may differ in reference to certain unfortunate controversies of which it treats, will be valuable material for the future historian; and that as the proceeds of the sale go to the relief of his helpless orphans, the book ought to have a wide sale in every section of the country, and ought especially to find a place in the homes of all dwellers in "the land he loved" so well.

"FATHER RYAN'S POEMS," in a beautiful volume, embellished with superb steel engravings of the author and of "The Conquered Banner," has just come to us from Randolph & English, Richmond. The bare announcement is sufficient to secure for these sweet lays of the "Poet Priest" of the South a wide circulation.

ST. NICHOLAS for February has the usual variety of splendid pictures, charming stories, and pretty verses, which has made this magazine, which the Scribners prepare for children, famous all over the world.

We have been receiving it at our home for some years, and the sparkling eyes with which the little folks greet it, and the deep interest with which the grown people read it, are sufficient evidence of its popularity. But, what is better, it gives us pleasure to testify that its freedom from sectional or partisan bias, its pure moral tone, and its high literary character, are such that we can with confidence recommend it as a visitor to the homes of our people, which is more than we can say of many similar publications.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February is a really superb number, and the first paper of Eugene Schuyler on Peter the Great, and Francis R. Upton's "authorative" account of Edison's electric light, are alone worth the price of the subscription for the whole year. But these are but specimens of the good things with which the Scribners crowd their magazine from month to month.
